After our ſentence playning comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light,
To dwel in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
King. Returne againe, and take an othe with thee,
Lay on our royall ſword your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that y'owe to God,
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues,)
To keepe the oath that we adminiſter:
You neuer ſhall, ſo helpe you truth and God,
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor neuer looke vpon each others face,
Nor neuer write, regreete, nor reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor neuer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
Gainſt vs, our ſtate, our ſubiects, or our land.
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe al this.
Bul. Norffolke, ſo fare as to mine enemy:
By this time, had the King permitted vs,
One of our ſoules had wandred in the aire,
Baniſht this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſht from this land,
Confeſſe thy treaſons ere thou flie the realme,
Since thou haſt far to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guiltie ſoule.
Mow. No Bullingbrooke, if euer I were traitour,
My name be blotted from the booke of life,
And I from heauen baniſht as from hence:
But what thou art, God, thou, and I, do know,
And al too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rew:
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England al the worlds my way. *Exit.*
King. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes,
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect
Hath from the number of his baniſht yeeres
Pluckt foure away, ſixe frozen winters ſpent,

Returne

Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bull. How long a time lies in one little word,
Foure lagging winters and foure wanton ſpringes,
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kinges.
Gaunt. I thanke my liege that in regard of me,
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile,
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby:
For eare the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their moones, and bring their times about,
My oile-dried lampe, and time bewaſted light
Shall be extint with age and endleſſe nightes,
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold Death not let me ſee my ſonne.
King: Why Vnckle thou haſt many yeares to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute King that thou canſt giue,
Shorten my daies thou canſt with ſullen ſorrowe,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtoppe no wrinckle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
King. Thy ſonne is baniſht vpon good aduiſe,
Whereto thy tong a party verdict gaue,
Why at our iuſtice ſeemſt thou then to lowre?
Gaunt. Things ſweet to taſte, prooue in digeſtion ſo
You vrgde me as a iudge, but I had rather,
You would haue bid me argue like a father:
Oh had't beene a ſtranger, not my child,
To ſmooth his fault I ſhould haue beene more milde:
A partial ſlaunder ſought I to auoide,
And in the ſentence my owne life deſtroyed:
Alas, I lookt when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tongue,
Againſt my will to do my ſelfe this wrong.
King. Cooſen farewel, and Vnckle, bid him ſo,
Sixe yeares we baniſh him and he ſhall go.